

## A Ghost Story

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## A Ghost Story

by [annathemonstereffer](#)

### Summary

Anna is a simple camerawoman, with a simple job- follow two idiots with a camera until they get scared and leave. Problem is, it happened a lot sooner than expected, leaving Anna alone to collect her footage, all alone...or so she thinks.

### Notes

All participants are over 18. Like you should be. Hint.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“Hello, everyone...today, on *Ghost Expeditions*...”

*More like ‘Ghost Stories’.* Anna laughed to herself as she peered through the night-vision lens, following behind the two bros her network ordered her to film. Just your standard two-dudes-walking-through-a-haunted-house show. Or as she put it, collecting a paycheck. Today’s target was an old, abandoned hospital that supposedly has been giving off spooky noises at night. Bangs, clatters, and the like. Anna bet dollars to donuts it was just the wind, but who was she to argue with easy money? She just had to point the camera and get some footage of something spooky happening.

She hoped it was soon.

Staying quiet while the two bros talked and gushed about ghosts, she let her lens wander, getting

close-ups of the rooms, the old reception areas, the abandoned medical equipment- old, wiry wheelchairs, rusted gurneys...standard fare. A decent editor could probably take what she shot and stretch it out to the 9AM rerun of *Seinfeld*. She just needed the money shot.

*Heh.*

No sooner had she giggled at her own private joke than she got what she asked for- one of those rusty gurneys finally gave up to the passage of time, supports shattering as it clattered to the floor.

The air was filled with a high pitched, girlish scream. Anna was pretty spooked too, but she kept her lens trained on the action, like she was hired to do. The bro's scream faded into quietude, and Anna settled her camera down, chuckling to herself.

"Heh. That was actually pretty scary. Eh, guys?"

Silence.

"...Guys?" She asked again- lifting her camera and scanning around- only to find a discarded clipboard, a Budweiser cap, and the unmistakable sound of the entrance opening and closing.

"...Oh, come on, guys! Really?" She asked, grumbling as she shook her head. "So much for *Ghost Expeditions*. Bright side, my manager owes me fifty bucks. I knew they were screamers."

Anna shrugged the camera up again- and checked how much footage she had. About 18 minutes worth, most of it on the first floor. The editor could probably make it last longer...but...

"...Let's see..." Anna mumbled to herself. "I can either A) get out of here and go with the footage I've got...or B)..." She hummed, turning towards the corridor further in. "I could be a white girl in a horror movie and go further in."

...To get a bonus, or to not get a bonus...

"...White girl in a horror movie it is." She decided, and started walking along the hallways. Alone, she had to admit that this place certainly had an oppressive atmosphere, an alarming quietness to it that made her jaw clench, and set her mind on high alert.

She was the only one there...but somehow, it didn't feel like it.

Upstairs, to the second floor- then the third, the fourth, the fifth and final, she was walking along, scanning around...

To see a light at the end of the hallway.

She froze- and heard her heart hammering in her chest as her feet carried her closer and closer. A wind seemed to be blowing from nowhere as her night-vision mode started to green out- switching to a mode more suited for light, she reached out...and opened the door.

The light above her was bright and cheery, and the room in front of her, immaculately kept. The hospital bed was made up, tucked and ready for a night of sleep, a pink flower in a vase standing tall and upright. Freshly cut.

Anna let out a breath she hadn't realized she was holding, as she lowered her camera.

"Mystery solved. Bangs and crashes are coming from squatters." She chuckled, looking down at her camera, and seeing-

“Oh, whoop...musta got caught up in the excitement.” She smiled, noting that her camera had run out of film right after she opened the door. She popped out the filled film, and slid a new one home, getting her camera ready to take a few shots of the room, and maybe some close-ups of the more dilapidated rooms...

*Smack~!*

“YEEP!” Anna hollered, leaping a foot in the air and whirling around- expecting to find the person who swatted her ass, but seeing nothing but open air.

“Wha...who...?” She mumbled- looking around her, expecting to have seen one of the bros behind her...but nobody was there. She doubted that two wiry looking douchebags had the agility to bolt from the floor in the time it took her to turn around.

She was in the middle of wondering if she imagined it when- *Smack*- it happened again. Anna let out another yip, turning around, camera turning this way and that- *Smack!*- Dammit!

“What the hell?! Who’s there?!” She growled, face heating up in a blush as another smack landed on her ass- this time whirling to strike whoever was doing it-

And her fist halted in midair- freezing, as if something had caught it. She felt a hand squeezing around her fist- and she blinked, a bead of sweat dripping down her face.

“...A...Ghost?” She swallowed. The minute she said that, the lights went dead- and the door to the room slammed shut. The camera was torn from her hand by an unseen force, as she was lifted, bodily from the ground.

“A-ack!” Anna grunted- as she felt a pair of invisible hands roaming up her body. Sliding up her thighs, drifting over her taut, toned stomach, tracing the curves of her breasts...

“H-hey! What the- hell?! Put me down!” She huffed- blush darkening her face as the hand reached up, finding the zipper of her jacket, and tugging it down, before stripping the layer off of her. Anna continued to struggle against her invisible restraints as rough hands worked the front of her pants, yanking them down around her ankles, tearing them off her feet, with her shoes and socks going with them.

Anna’s face was dark red now, as the hem of her shirt started to ride up, lifted by another set of hands behind her, breathing heavily. She was fighting less and less against her restraints now, and it wasn't because she was exhausted. Hands were all over her, drifting over bare skin, tracing patterns, long, lingering caresses filled with admiration and lust...in an instant, the atmosphere of the building went from scary to sensual, burning at the corners of her mind.

Huffing, she lifted her arms above her head- the hands not fighting, as they tugged her shirt up over her head. She was left in nothing more than a blue bra-and-panty set, with little white polka dots dusting the fabric.

And then, there was a tug at the back hooks. Anna’s mouth twitched into a smile as she closed her eyes, slowly...and nodding.

The hooks at her back flew open, and her bra was torn from her chest. In an instant, she felt two mouths sinking down on her tits, tongues dancing along her nipples. Her mouth fell open in a soft gasp, as the hands caressing her body grew needier, rubbing faster, deeper. Two hands sank into her round rear with a thick smack, groping and squeezing away at her backside, while another put pressure on her covered pussy- rubbing her through the fabric.

“O-oh...!” Anna moaned, biting her bottom lip as the unseen hand pressed hard against her slit, rubbing the fabric into her sensitive folds, the light blue fabric darkening with her cum as Anna got wetter and wetter at its touch. Her breathing was coming in rough, desperate gasps, whimpering and moaning as she was relentlessly pleased by a dozen unseen men. Their hands were all over her...rubbing *everywhere*...

The hand at her pussy tugged the fabric of her panties, sliding them down her legs, baring the whole of her body to the ghosts. She soon felt a pressure at her entrance- and gasped as a pair of fingers slid inside her. They were moving slow, like the rest of them were, but they were pressing in just the right place- and Anna threw her head back in a low, throaty moan as she was fingered by a ghost. The lips at her breasts had now taken her nipples, clenching them between their teeth, biting down on the buds as they sank their hands into the soft flesh surrounding them. The hands at her ass were rolling her cheeks around, groping and squeezing her...

“H-haaaah...!” Anna whimpered, toes starting to curl as she felt the slow burn start to hit her, the fire inside building and building with every slow stroke into her pussy, every hand dragged along her skin, every soft tug of her nipples... “H-hooo! F-fuck, yes- yes, yes~” She moaned, head back as she smiled, mouth slightly agape as her hot breath left her- and a pair of lips crashed down on hers. Without thinking, she closed her eyes, moaning into the kiss as a long tongue slipped inside, slithering around hers in a deep, lusty kiss.

The fingers inside picked up the pace, then, slipping in and out, lubed up by Anna’s cum as her moans tumbled into a soft crescendo, toes curling hard as she began to clench around the ghost’s fingers- shoulders shaking, moaning lewdly into a kiss with a man she couldn’t see-

She came. She screamed into her kiss, cum flowing out over a set of invisible fingers, splattering against the floor as her arousal spilled. The kiss was broken, as Anna’s head tilted up, looking at her body. She was covered in sweat, dripping cum onto the floor, hands pressing down into her body...

Until they started to carry her. Not far- only to the bed, where they set her down, allowing her the chance to sit up. Breathing heavily, she caught her breath, body shining silver in the pale moonlight, sweat slowly trailing down every curve, every trace...

The ghosts couldn’t keep themselves away forever- and soon, Anna found herself leaning into touches she couldn’t see, hands sliding over her sweat-soaked figure, and now, kisses being pressed into her body. Lips lavished her in love like she was the most beautiful woman they had seen in ages, treating her like a golden goddess of a woman.

Of course, it went straight to Anna’s head, as she mewled and giggled- blush down to her collarbone as she allowed them their praise of her body. Her legs were gently eased apart, pushed by another set of hands, as butterfly kisses pressed inside her thighs- Anna moaning out loud- and squealing when they started to kiss at her pussy.

She never felt anything like it before- multiple pairs of lips were pressing deep, loving kisses against her slit, over such a small area. What little was left of her brain supposed that ghosts didn’t have to worry about bumping heads, before it gave up- and allowed her full focus on the pleasure. Anna lifted her hands up to run through her golden hair, stifling a lewd scream by biting her lip, trembling with an intense flare of pleasure, toes curling against the crisp sheets of the hospital bed. She could already feel herself building- higher and higher to that sublime pleasure. A tongue slipped out of a mouth, pressing against her clit, and that was all it took.

Anna threw her head back and *screamed*, cum flooding out from her pussy, as it was slurped up and swallowed by a dozen tongues. The hands abandoned her, leaving her to flop down on the

mattress- sweaty, legs spread, panting like she had run a marathon. She was allowed a precious minute of rest, before she felt pressure on the mattress, and a pair of hands lifting her legs. She looked- and saw nothing, of course, but she did feel a pressure at her pussy. It was a feeling she knew *very* well, at this point. She shuffled about- smiling wide as she tried to spread her legs wider- offer him better access- as he shuffled up to her, tip pressed against her, spreading the lips of her slit...

Anna closed her eyes, smiling- and nodded.

Her back arched, hands gripping the sheets- as a long, lingering moan of absolute ecstasy left her lips, feeling him push in. He was long and thick, and she felt the sensation of his balls hitting her hips. Her mouth hung open, panting- as he started to draw his hips back, and slammed inside again.

Anna was immediately overwhelmed with lust- eyes rolling up into her head, tongue hanging out as he started to fuck her in earnest. Thick, wet slaps started to echo in the empty room as he hammered into Anna's pussy, her cunt stretching out for him with every thrust, only to clamp down desperately, before he drew out, and pushed in again. She felt their hips meet in the middle, moaning with every thrust into her. Her mind was completely overstimulated, awash in joy and pleasure, feeling herself dancing on the edge of orgasm already, so soon...

She tried to last longer- she really did, but it was just too much. She came quickly after he slid inside her- and he took it as a cue to move even faster.

Of course, he wasn't the only ghost around, as the others would *happily* let her know. Her head was slowly turned to the side, chin cupped, mouth gently opened- only for a long, throbbing cock to slide inside her. Anna's eyes were half-lidded, but she saw everything- through the ghost. She dimly noted that her camera was hovering up in the air- they were filming this. The realization sent a thrill down Anna's spine, as she closed her eyes- putting on her best pornstar airs. She moaned lewdly around the cock in her throat, slurping and putting on a show as she began to grope her own breasts- only for her hands to fly away from them.

Her eyes widened briefly- before she felt a warmth over her palms as two cocks were laid out across her hands. She felt a rush of elation- as her fingers curled around them, gently starting to stroke them, jerking off a couple of ghosts.

They weren't done yet, though. Anna felt an invisible weight settle on her chest, and two rough hands grabbing her breasts, pressing them together around a thick, meaty cock, sliding them up and down him, forcing her into a rough titjob. Anna's moans hit a fever pitch as she serviced so many- turning into a scream as she felt a pressure at her asshole, a cock pressing against her pucker, trying to slide in. Anna couldn't relax for him- so he pushed, pressed, his cock lubricated with some... slime, forcing its way in, inch-by-inch, burying itself in her asshole. He started moving- and Anna felt herself starting to blank.

She couldn't focus on anything else- only the cocks around her, and the maddening pleasure they were giving her, and relentlessly so. They slid in and out, rubbing her skin, shakily jerked off by the woman herself, slamming into her constricting throat...

It was heaven, for her. She felt her cunt clench again and again as orgasm after orgasm wracked her body, as a set of invisible rods fucked her over- every inch. Throat fucking, tit fucking, ass fucking- she even felt some cocks slide into her armpits, thrusting away in there. She didn't care- the more the merrier, and she couldn't wait for them to blow. They had been going so long- and not one had cum, even in the middle of her mind-shattering orgasms...

But eventually, they started to throb.

Anna's cum-drunk mind lit up in excitement, feeling the throbbing cocks against her, clutched to her, inside her, as she tried to pleasure them in return to speed it up. She rubbed faster, bucked her hips, moved her head- all she could do was twitch, but she was so desperate to feel them...

They all started to move faster. Anna soon couldn't even find the strength to twitch as her eyes rolled into her head, surrendering to the pleasure- motionless as the ghosts hammered in, slammed in...

Throbbing...

Hot...

Cumming...

*Cumming!*

Anna's eyes were wide open- as she felt their seed flood her, and cover her. Cum splattered against her skin, flooded her asshole, her pussy, slid down her bulging, cock-filled throat...

Their release was long, and plenty. Anna felt it all covering her in a thick, slimy sheen, looking like she had been splashed with lube, just about everywhere on her skin. It squirted from the air- from ghosts jerking off to the scene, squirted inside her, flooding her womb...

It was everywhere, and Anna loved every second that it did.

The hands all seemed to drift away- leaving her as the camera floated close to her, taking in every last inch of her cum-soaked body, admiring the way their cum shone in the silver light of the moon, how it dribbled faster with every heave of Anna's chest, how it pooled beneath her, running down every luscious curve of her body...

And focusing on her smiling face.

"...Don't tell me..." She rasped- swallowing, and trying to get her breath and voice back. "Don't tell me you only wanted to watch..."

The camera fluttered down- to her spread legs, setting down with an excellent view of her cum covered pussy...before her legs flew up, pressed against her body, feet next to her head, arms forced above her...and a weight on top of her...

"Ooooh...the...mating press..." She giggled, smiling airheadedly at an invisible face. "My faaaave~"

The cameraman pressed inside her- and desperately slammed his hips into hers, shaking the camera with every creak of the mattress as he hammered his throbbing, needy cock into her hard-used cunt. Anna moaned, squealed, begged for more- there was nothing else she could do. She was completely pinned, and at his mercy...

The perfect way to end a night.

She moaned, gasped, whimpered, and screamed, all for the benefit of the ghost as he pounded her, balls slapping against her ass, her pussy spread by an invisible rod, slamming into her, giving the 'audience' the traditional mating press view- Anna's bubbly ass, jiggling and bouncing with every brutal thrust, only that and her shaking legs visible as she squealed for the cameras.

He sped up- faster and faster, cock throbbing painfully as he burned for release. Anna was more than ready, begging for just one more load of cum in her pussy, as he moved faster and faster... feeling that familiar ride to the top...just...a little...more...!

Anna's back arched- her fingers clutching the sheets, screaming her head off as she came- with him following suit, flooding her filled pussy with another load of hot seed. He stayed there- cumming, pumping more and more into her- hilted inside...

Until he vanished- leaving Anna alone. Unplugged, her pussy was gushing a watery mixture of the ghost's slime-like cum, and her own. Her chest heaved, her smile threatening to be permanent...

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"S-she's been in there for...hours." One of the bros mumbled- twiddling his thumbs as his other bro panicked- watching the horizon, and the rising sun, knowing that the network was going to call soon- and wonder where in the hell their best camerawoman went. And he had no answer. And he sure as hell wasn't gonna go back in there.

"Y-you don't think..."

Bro two cut him off before he could finish.

"D-don't be silly! She's...probably just taking more film. Taking her time. No such thing as ghosts. There's no such thing!" He trembled, voice rising into a squealing crescendo, trying to convince himself, more than his partner.

He was about to continue- when the doors opened, and their hearts stopped- before continuing as Anna walked out, yawning slightly, camera perched on her shoulder.

"Got all the footage, fearless leaders." She deadpanned, walking back towards the van. "One full tape, filled with your daring heroics. Don't worry, I'm sure we can edit out your screaming fleeing."

Anna smiled- setting her camera down, checking for the fifth time to make sure...

The label on the tape said 'Ghost Expeditions'.

Smiling, she patted the tape she had secreted away in her pocket...

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Anna grinned, pumping her own fingers in and out of her snatch in her own bedroom- smiling as she watched herself on the screen getting plowed by the ghosts. Sweat was pouring down her figure again, already on her third watch of the hot footage, cum darkening the sheets beneath her.

She smiled. These ghosts were almost as good with a camera as they were with fuckin'.

Tongue flopping out of her mouth, she came in tandem with her video-self, imagining those cocks slamming into her all over again...

She'd *have* to go back again~

## End Notes

Well, that's it. If you liked it, tell me why, if you hated it, tell me why, if you thought it was hot, tell me why.

And if you came? Tell me. In excruciating detail.

...What? You think my SI is the only one with an exhibition kink?

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!